EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. III.—No. XVI. BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1888. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

THE FORSAKEN NEST.

THE ALCOTTS.

A. Bronson Alcott, *died in Boston, March* 4, 1888.
Louisa M. Alcott, *died in Boston, March* 6, 1888.

BY FRANCES BELLOWS SANBORN.

[The Editor makes no apology for inserting here, in place of the usual story, these interesting reminiscences of one of the best modern writers of stories for children, — an author who, together with her saintly father, passed so recently from the earth which their lives and works have blessed to higher life and diviner service.]

WENTY-FIVE years ago, it was my fortune to spend nearly a year in the beautiful little village of Walpole, New Hampshire.

Opposite my uncle's house was a large and hospitable-looking mansion, in which dwelt a family widely known in that neighborhood for their generosity, as well as for their wealth.

In this house I first met Louisa M. Alcott and the three sisters whom she describes in her well-known stories. Here I saw the good, motherly, though over-worked woman whom Miss Alcott has immortalized in the dear "Marmee" with whom we are all so familiar. Here, too, I first saw Mr. Alcott, — a tall, pale, spiritual-looking man, who even then seemed venerable.

I can distinctly remember the shabby old house in which they lived, only a few steps from their cousins' home. I can recall Miss Alcott herself as she took part in all the bright goings-on of the village, — the private theatricals, the Shakspeare club, the endless fun and frolic of those days.

She had even then written several articles; indeed, I believe that her first novel, "Moods," had seen the light, though it was then unpublished. This was the book which went through such tribulation, being the identical one which Amy nearly destroyed in her fit of revenge mentioned in "Little Women." The heroine excited my interest by her views on the subject of early rising. After being called four or five times by her stern mentor, she turned her face to the wall and remarked philosophically that she did not see any use in getting up, and she was going to lie in bed till she did!

Many of Miss Alcott's early tales and anecdotes have been preserved by her cousins, who little dreamed then of the fame which awaited her. Some of her writings which would now be enthusiastically greeted fell flat and unappreciated. Even her own family did not then fully recognize her surpassing talents as a story-writer. One stanch little cousin stood by her through thick and thin, and fought bravely for her, until one day her faith was justified.

The two cold, disagreeable winters which Miss Alcott mentions as being the extent of their stay in Walpole were filled with many interesting events.

The "conversations," or *conversaziones*, which were afterward carried out in Boston and elsewhere had here their origin. Once a week a devoted band of so-called "Æsthetics" struggled up the long, steep hill which led to the home of Dr. Bellows, where these solemn gatherings were held. At these meetings, Mr. Alcott was nearly the sole performer, Dr. Bellows being the only person brave enough to add his word. What might be the meaning of his utterance, no man could fathom; but every one sat and listened in awe-struck silence.

Several years afterward, he renewed these meetings in Concord and elsewhere near Boston; and perhaps it will not be out of place to mention a tale told me by a friend about these gatherings.

A course of ten conversations was to be given in Salem, I think, and my friend purchased a ticket for the vast sum of ten dollars. The first conversation had for its subject, "Love," and many young persons flocked thither to learn what the great philosopher had to say on this important topic.

He began in his usual far-off fashion, talking in a beautiful, mystical way of the spiritual meaning of this most common word. Finally descending from his heights of inspiration, he pointed his long, thin finger impressively toward my friend, and said slowly and solemnly, "Now what does that young lady in blue think about love?" A dreadful silence ensued, and never more was that young woman seen in those classic halls.

Two years after the Alcotts' stay in Walpole, Lizzie, the original of the exquisite picture of Beth in "Little Women," sickened and died at her home in Concord.

The short sketch of the family which follows is taken in part from information given by near and dear friends and relatives, in part from personal recollection.

The father of A. Bronson Alcott was the son of a Connecticut farmer of whom nothing is known save that he was the parent of one of the wonders of the world. Mr. Alcott early left the paternal roof and began his career as a pedler, taking the South as his field of action, peddling good things of all kinds, carrying his books everywhere and reading them too, doing his best to raise the benighted African race at the same time that he was procuring a scanty sustenance for himself. He returned North to Boston a few years afterward, and there fell in love with Miss Abby May, who afterward became his wife. They were both in sympathy in the great work of helping on mankind.

Fortunately, Mrs. Alcott possessed a greater degree of practical common sense than her husband. After their marriage they went to Germantown, Pennsylvania, where they remained two years, during which period Louisa was born, Nov. 29, 1832.

Not long afterward, Mr. Alcott moved to Boston, where he opened a school in Tremont Temple. This most remarkable school has been very pleasantly described by Miss Peabody in her "Record of a School." She was his sole assistant, and indeed it was here that she really began her kindergarten teaching.

It was Mr. Alcott's theory that everything which the eyes of his pupils rested upon should be beautiful or noble, and suggest fine or great thoughts. Consequently, he had a beautiful room, thoroughly simple in its furniture, but fine in proportion, and exquisite in finish. In each of the four corners was a bust of some grand human being, — Socrates, Shakspeare, Milton, and one other. Over the platform, above his head, was a fine cast of the head of Christ; over that a head of Plato. Around his seat were chairs arranged in circular fashion, so that each occupant might have his eyes fixed directly upon the teacher.

He collected all his scholars about him, and began with a short talk on some suggestive topic, or a reading from some fine book. Then he would question the pupils, drawing answers from each one, until the class was alive with interest.

His theories with regard to development and punishment were singular but suggestive. Punishment, he said, should never be inflicted except as a reminder. Taken in any other way, punishment was coarse and brutal.

Thus it is related that one of the boys was found guilty of some misdemeanor. Mr. Alcott called him up, and after talking gently with the offender, gave him a ruler and bade him apply it to his teacher. The boy hesitated, and drew back, but Mr. Alcott was firm; and the boy after administering one or two faint blows with a burst of tears begged Mr. Alcott to beat *him*, — "anything, indeed, rather than that."

Another instance is mentioned in which a refractory girl was punished through the vicarious suffering of her best-beloved, most intimate friend. The youthful sinner was perfectly heart-broken, and was never known to sin again.

Mr. Alcott's school flourished for some time, until some of his pro-slavery patrons withdrew their children because a negro boy had been retained by the teacher in spite of all remonstrances.

When Miss Alcott was about ten years old, the family moved to Harvard, Mass., and there in an old farm-house, with three or four other families, they founded what Miss Alcott describes under the name of the "Arcadian Club." In an article in the Atlantic called "Transcendental Wild Oats," Miss Alcott vividly sets forth this strange experience. I remember well hearing Mrs. Alcott as she related to my aunt, of sainted memory, the story of this community. I was but a child of twelve or fourteen, but I used to steal in and sit unperceived while these stories were being told.

This attempt to establish a Community at Harvard has often been confounded with the "Brook Farm" experiment, immortalized by Hawthorne in his "Blithedale Romance." But it was much less pretentious in form and in numbers, consisting of only four families who held their goods in common. As they had forsworn all the luxuries and vanities of life, and most of the comforts thereof, they proposed to procure what little they needed, — namely, the fruits of the earth, — by the sweat of their brow. The men were to raise the needed fruits and vegetables, corn, wheat, etc. Animal food was not allowed to the followers of Alcott. The women were supposed to take their turn in the cares of the household, each serving a week.

Mrs. Alcott, being the only person not of an æsthetic cast of mind, appears to have had *her* turn nearly every week. Indeed, I imagine that some of the labors of the men fell upon her. One cannot imagine the spiritual-minded leader descending to the contemplation of kindling-wood, or the digging of potatoes.

After this strange experience, Mr. Alcott next took up his abode in Concord. Here we learn of the wonderful stories which Louisa used to tell her sisters and her young friends. Here passed much of that bright and joyous living of which we read in the first part of "Little Women." Here was the "attic" to which "Jo" retired to express her enthusiasm or indignation on paper. Here also were the meetings of the "Pickwickian Club," so well described in the same book. From this spot and from the memories connected with it doubtless came much of the inspiration which produced her books.

When Miss Alcott was sixteen, her father moved to Boston, and there our authoress began to teach. Her writing went on at the same time, and many were the little effusions which came from her pen, never to be known to the world.

When the war broke out, in 1861, she was filled with enthusiasm, went to Washington, and took her place as a nurse. She did not long remain there, for she was taken sick with a typhoid fever

which nearly cost her her life, and from which she never fully recovered. Soon afterward "Hospital Sketches" appeared to the world, and was very favorably received.

No book of hers has had anything like the power of "Little Women;" probably for the reason that in that one book were written all the beautiful real experiences of her life, and later stories were only variations.

During the last twenty years the Alcotts have made their home in Concord, but there have been frequent absences in Europe and elsewhere. Always they seemed to turn back with loving hearts to their old abiding-place.

For the last five years Miss Alcott has been more or less of an invalid. Still, no one save the few who knew her best could guess the suffering which she concealed under a bright smile or a "dreadful" pun. Her cousin, who resembles her in many particulars, has often told the "good things" that Louisa would utter while undergoing spasms of pain.

The family of six whom we first knew in "Little Women" has been fast broken up. First angelic little Beth, then the dear Marmee, and in 1879, May, Mrs. Nieriker. A few weeks ago, all that was left of this loving group was gathered together in their house in Louisburg Square, Boston, under the tender care of Mrs. Pratt, the Meg of our memory. Here was Mr. Alcott, a confirmed invalid for five years, paralyzed in body and speech. Here were Meg's two children, Daisy and Demi (only these were two little boys); here was sister May's little girl, Louisa, and here occasionally was Miss Alcott herself. A little later, two more bright spirits from the midst of this loving group went up to join the "choir invisible."

KEEPING OUT OF THE WAY.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

LITTLE Peter's back was crooked, and his legs were weak. He could not run on errands like Joe, or tend the baby like Margaret. His mother said that he was always under her feet' and he felt that this was true.

Peter's mother did not mean to be cruel, but she was very poor. She worked hard, and was always tired. Here was a boy who could do nothing for himself or for her. "He would never be any help." So she often said, and Peter knew that, "not to be any help" in such a poor, pinched household as theirs was to be a very great hindrance.

"Keep out of the way!" she screamed to him one day as she ran across the kitchen with a pail of hot water, "you 're always just where I want to step."

Poor Peter slunk into a corner, feeling very much as if he had been stepped on. The Saturday's cleaning was always a time to be dreaded, and he was not sorry when bedtime came. He would have cried, had not everything seemed so dull and hopeless, — what was the use? He fell asleep at last, being careful to keep his side of the bed as Joe had often requested.

Joe and Margaret went to the Mission Sunday-school. Peter usually stayed at home; but on the following day the sunshine was so bright that it fairly enticed him down the rickety staircase, and he shuffled along on the warm pavement in his awkward, uncertain way, looking without envy, but with a dull sense of pain at the boys who passed him so nimbly. Sometimes one of them would jostle him, and call out rudely "Look what you 're about." He did n't mind that, poor Peter, he was used to it.

Indeed, he had no thought of anything but of keeping out as long as he could in the warm fall sunshine, which seemed so much more precious for the cool days which had preceded it, and the cooler ones which must soon follow. Peter felt that he had a right to the sunshine, even if he had done nothing to earn it.

But he was getting tired. He went out very little, and it was hard to remember that he must save half his strength for the way back. He had not remembered it to-day, and he was very weary and out of breath. Seeing that some boys and girls were going into a room, in which he noticed a number of people sitting on chairs and benches, he walked timidly in behind them. He would sit and rest awhile at any rate.

They must have been tardy children whom he had followed, for the opening exercises were over, and the teachers were busy with their classes. Peter took a seat near the door, never thinking that he had put himself in a class, and looked at the four other boys on the bench with him, and the pleasant-looking lady in the chair.

But she had watched his feeble, shuffling gait, and noticed his crooked back and high shoulders. She saw, too, how pale he was, and she rose quickly and gave him her seat, sending one of the boys for a dipper of cool, fresh water, which seemed to revive poor little Peter, and to give him courage.

It seemed so very odd that a lady should give him her chair, but when he timidly spoke to her about it she only laughed, and said she liked the low stool better, because it brought her nearer her boys.

And then they went on with the lesson. They talked about the poor widow who gave her two mites; and the teacher told them that every one, no matter how poor or weak, could do something to make people better and happier. He might, perhaps, not be able to give even two mites in money, but he could give something in good will and pleasant helpfulness, if he only looked out for his chances.

Peter listened. He watched the other boys, to see how they took this good advice. He had not a thought of applying her words to his own case: he was only an outsider, looking on.

But what was his surprise when she turned directly to him. "You can do something to help your mother, I know," she said kindly.

"No, ma'am," answered Peter, "I can't do nothin'."

She looked at him compassionately. "I know you 're not strong; but when your mother asks you to do little things for her, you do them pleasantly, don't you?"

"Joe an' Maggie does all that," replied Peter, sadly; "she never asks anything of me, only to get out of her way."

Some of the boys tittered, but the teacher frowned at them. She said nothing more to Peter then, but she kept him after the others had gone, and learned what she could of his touching little story.

She sat silent for a while after he had finished, and Peter watched her thoughtful face. "You see, I can't do nothin'," said he at length.

"Why, Peter!" she exclaimed suddenly, "that 's just what you *can* do. Put yourself out of the way in some corner and wait; be gentle and patient, whatever comes."

"I might sit in the bedroom," suggested Peter, thoughtfully.

"Is it warm?"

"Yes, it 's out of the kitchen, and the door is mostly open."

"Try it, Peter. Try it faithfully, and see if there is n't a helpfulness even in keeping out of the way."

It was almost dark when Peter reached home. His mother was anxious, and Joe was just starting out to look for him. He told them where he had been, adding a shame-faced wish that he could go every Sunday, which of course nobody noticed.

The next morning he took his seat in the bedroom, and there he sat patiently, looking first into the court below, where the people were hurrying back and forth, then turning his eyes toward the kitchen, where his mother stood at the wash-tub, and Maggie put away the dishes. When he was tired of this, he studied the quilt upon the bed, — a piece of old-fashioned chintz which a lady had given them long ago. There were grapes on it, green and ripe; there were birds, some full-fledged and flying, others brooding over high-colored nests. Peter studied this quilt as he had never done before, and it seemed to him a marvel of beauty. Those birds with their wings out-spread! How much prettier than the brown sparrows which he saw every day! And those luscious grapes! Suppose, now, just for the fun of it, that they were really ripe. What a feast he would have! His mouth quite watered, as he looked at them. The baby toddled in to see what had become of him, and tried to pull him back to his old seat by the kitchen fire. The baby was conservative. She disliked change.

But instead of going with her, Peter kept the fat little hand in his, while he pretended to pluck a grape from one of the large bunches. "Nice grapes!" said he. "Baby eat one."

The baby "took" at once. She clutched eagerly at the quilt, then put her empty little fingers to her mouth, smacking her lips with great gusto. Then she toddled back into the kitchen, but only to return in a moment for another feast. Peter began to grow weary of the little game; but he kept it up patiently. Anything was better than the loneliness of sitting apart, as if he had been a very bad boy.

So the baby came again and again, laughing heartily as she took the fruit from his hand, or stroked one of the wonderful birds; and Peter sat quietly amusing her and thinking only that he was keeping out of the way.

But what a bound his heart gave when at length his mother came to the door and looked in.

"You 've been a good boy the day, to mind her," said she. "We got the washing done an hour sooner for keeping her out of the way."

Peter turned away his head, that his mother might not see his eyes. So he had kept the baby out of the way, as well as himself. He had been tending her and he had not known it. Perhaps he might be of some *little* use in the world, after all. It seemed too good to be true.

And just at dusk there was a rap at the door, and who should it be but the teacher who had been so good to him the day before. Peter had left the little bedroom then, and was sitting in the kitchen. His mother was taking in the clothes, Maggie had gone on an errand, and the baby was asleep; so he was quite alone.

She took his thin little hand in hers. "Well, Peter," said she, "how is it? Have you had a good day?"

"Yes," replied Peter, his eyes glistening.

(*Continued on page* 126.)

Our Letter-Box.

MR. EDITOR: DEAR SIR, — I will try and send you a letter, as I saw in your last two papers there were but few letters. I read in one of your papers there was a little lame girl who liked to read the letters that the readers of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY sent. If we do not have any places to coast on sleds in Chicago, we have fine places to skate in. The boys around our house use their sleds to pull the girls on. We play Livery Stable, and the boys who have sleds get them, and one or two boys get on and one or two girls get on, according to how many are pulling. I have got a velocipede, and with some other boys who have them we manage to have a pretty good time playing fire. I have written once before for the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and when I received the paper that it was in I jumped for joy. It has been so cold here in this city that our water-pipes froze in about fifteen minutes while I was over to the store. I am well now, and have been so all this cold winter. I hope this letter may find all the readers of this lovely paper the same. I will write again some time.

Your reader,

HERBERT.

CHICAGO.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I AM composed of 77 letters.
My 57, 30, 56, 39, 67, 16, 11, 47, 68, 63, is enough.
My 59, 76, 54, 49, is a grain.
My 17, 55, 21, 62, 9, is a domestic animal.
My 23, 18, 26, 25, 51, 61, 31, 65, is a poison obtained from tobacco.
My 52, 10, 73, 41, 36, is the goddess of flowers.
My 34, 36, 28, 48, 36, is the first word uttered by children of all nations.
My 74, 15, 45, 13, 22, 6, 1, prisoners wear.
My 57, 43, 75, 60, is a long breath.
My 36, 19, 26, 40, 64, 71, 14, is a liquid poison.
My 42, 21, 18, 26, 66, is a building material made from clay.
My 54, 35, 29, 20, is found in many musical instruments.
My 4, 50, 70, 44, 5, 54, is food for cattle.
My 72, 58, 3, 52, 18, 37, is something good to eat that is baked.
My 12, 33, 27, 32, 46, is part of a harrow.
My 24, 8, 76, 2, 69, 64, 7, is reflection.
My 69, 53, 10, 77, 3, 11, 23, 16, 8, is a bird kept as a pet for its song.
My 76, 38, 77, is not even.
My whole is a verse in the Bible about children.

SADIE F. HOWARD, 11 years old.

ENIGMA XXVII.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 13, 3, 10, 6, was the name of a Roman emperor.
My 1, 11, 7, 8, 3, 4, is the name of one of the books in the Bible.
My 8, 6, 4, 11, 9, is an animal very familiar to all of us.
My 5, 15, 10, 14, is a term used in the measure of length.
My 11, 9, 2, 3, 13, is a number.
My 14, 6, 4, 6, 7, 8, 16, is a girl's name.
My 8, 6, 12, 11, 3, is a noun you have all heard.
My whole is something you are all glad to see.

HOMER LORING.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

I AM composed of 19 letters.
My 19, 8, 13, 10, 6, 17, is at a distance.
My 4, 18, 5, 15, is the sound of a bell.
My 11, 12, 9, 3, is a place of defence.
My 16, 10, 6, 13, is a paradise.
My 2, 7, 1, is not well.
My 5, 16, 13, 14, is a time of fasting.
My whole is a popular children's story.

ARTHUR, 7 years old.

NEWTON CENTRE.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

[When the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will form a verse from one of Mrs. Howitt's poems.]

T*o* s*a*t d* w*l* w*a*e'*r t*o* d*s*,
A* t*o* h*s* d*n* t*i* d*y;
S*a*t h*v* t*e w*l* a*d p*w*r t* p*e*s*,
A*d s*a*t b* l*v*d a*w*y.

S. E. H., 10 years old.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. XIV.

Enigma XVIII. George Washington.
Enigma XIX. Actions speak louder than words.
Enigma XX. Ohio.
Enigma XXI. A Fascinating Sport.
Enigma XXII. Never cross the bridge till you come to it.

For Youngest Readers.

JOHNNY'S TROUBLE.

BY MRS. KATE SUMNER GATES.

MAMMA had just packed a basket of little dainties for sister Ruth to carry to poor, sick Miss Peters. It stood on the table in the hall. Johnny saw it as he went through, and stopped to peep in at it.

How nice it looked! it fairly made his mouth water. There was cold chicken and biscuit, a tumbler of jelly, and some of Mamma's nice little sponge cakes all frosted.

"I wish I had one myself this minute," thought Johnny. "I wonder if there'd be any harm in my taking just one. Miss Peters never would know the difference, and probably Mamma would have given me one if she had known I wanted it."

Now of course Johnny knew better than that, and also that he ought to run right away; but he did not, and the longer he looked, the more he wanted a cake.

"There is more there than she can eat; I don't see what Mamma is thinking of to send so much — most likely it will make her worse if she eats so much."

Here Johnny opened the basket a little wider to get a better view of the contents.

"I haven't had one for ever and ever so long. I was going to ask Mamma the other day to make some for me; if she knew it of course she'd let me have one of these."

Oh, Johnny, boy, you're in danger! don't you know you are?

A minute later Johnny looked carefully all around him, then slipped his hand into the basket and out into his pocket like a flash, and off he ran, out of the house and round the corner. He was half-way down the street before he ventured to take his cake out and taste it, and then, it did not taste anywhere near as good as usual. He could not think what was the matter with it, but something certainly was, and he was glad when the cake was gone.

"If Miss Peters don't like hers any better than I did mine," he said to himself, "she won't enjoy them much."

Somehow he did not feel very good that day. He was perfectly well, but he was uncomfortable, and he could not bear to look Mamma in the face. He was not very hungry at noon, and not at all at supper.

"Something is the matter with Johnny," said Ruth, very positively; "he never touched his cake."

"Yes," thought Mamma, "something *is* the matter with my little boy, — he has not been to me or kissed me once since morning."

It happened that Mamma had callers that night, and could not go up with Johnny as usual when he went to bed. He hardly knew whether he was more glad or sorry, for he had been wondering what he should say to her when they had their little talk. Oh, dear! if he only had n't taken that cake! why did n't he know that he would be sorry for it?

"I did n't think anything, only how good it would taste; but I might have known I'd feel horrid about it. I guess I did know, only I would n't think about that part of it. I wish I could go to sleep and forget all about it."

But he could not; he tossed and turned restlessly about, he counted sheep going over an imaginary wall, he said his multiplication table; but he could not get to sleep. His pillow seemed hard, and the bed uneasy.

By and by he heard Mamma's step in the hall, and he hid his face in the pillow.

"What is it, Johnny?" she said, as she sat down beside him. Johnny would have given a good deal then if he had not taken that cake; it seemed to him that all the cakes in the world were not worth the price he was paying for one.

"Oh, Mamma," he sobbed, "I'm *so* sorry; but it looked so nice, and then it was horrid after all, and — I would n't truly take eve none single bite of one again, — not if you had lots of baskets full for Miss Peters or anybody else. Won't you forgive me this time?"

Of course Mamma forgave him, and then she told him he must ask God's forgiveness also.

So Johnny sprang out of bed, and knelt down by his mother's side.

"I feel better now," he said when he rose from his knees. "It seems most a week since morning. I guess I'll remember about this, and the next time Satan wants me to do wrong I'll say, 'No, sir, it don't pay.'"

SAUL AND DAVID.

"SAUL had fallen into a kind of melancholy that was almost a madness; and when some of the king's officers suggested that perhaps the power of music would drive away his melancholy, David, the son of Jesse, was mentioned as a youth already famed for his skill in playing and his gift of speech, as well as for courage and manly beauty. Obedient to the royal summons, the shepherd youth left his flock in the pastures of Bethlehem, and appeared at court. No sooner had he played upon his harp and sung his simple shepherd's songs to the troubled king, than Saul's madness left him, and he was refreshed, and was well again."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

SOME THINGS ABOUT BEARS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

BERNE, in Switzerland, may almost be called a bear city.

The fondness of its inhabitants for this animal expresses itself in every way. The figure of a bear is found not alone upon the armorial bearings of their canton, but is multiplied again and again upon coins, public buildings, fountains, — everywhere, in short. Even the name Berne is but the slightest alteration of the old Swabian word "bern," which signifies a bear.

A fountain in the principal street is crowned by the figure of a bear clad in a suit of armor, — helmet, breast-plate, thigh-covers, all complete, — with a sword at his belt and a banner in his paw. At one of the city gates two stone bears, larger than life, stand as sentinels; and the *Schützen Brunnen* is a statue of an ancient Swiss cross-bowman, with a young bear at his side who acts as his esquire.

Nor is this the end of their partiality, which was so great that for many hundred years a number of bears were kept at the public expense. They had a plot of ground allotted for their use, where they were surrounded with all that was necessary to their comfort. Even baths were provided for them.

One old lady left by will a fortune of 60,000 francs to the bears; and after some dispute with her heirs, they were confirmed by the authorities in the possession of their estate, which was carefully cared for in their interest by the Supreme Council. But when, in 1798, the French captured Berne, they carried off the bears to Paris, and took possession of the treasury, as well, in which was their fortune, amounting to 2,000,000 francs.

After the old order of things was restored, however, the Bernese hastened to procure other bears in place of the lost ones, and raised a subscription for their support. They are still one of the "sights" of Berne. It is said to have cost not less than from 600 to 700 francs per year to maintain them. And all this is supposed to have had its outgrowth from an old tradition that an immense bear was slain by Berchtold upon the site of Berne on the day that he began to lay the foundation of the city.

Now, this appears to have been a sentimental connection only. Very different is the relation between the Kamtschatkan and his bears.

They seem given to him, as the reindeer to the Laplander, to supply him with nearly everything necessary to his life and comfort. He feeds upon their flesh, which he finds delicious. Their fat is one of his greatest dainties. The bonnet upon his head, the gloves with which he covers his hands, his shoes, even, are made from their skins or fur; and so, too, are his bed and its coverings. From their entrails he not only manufactures a mask with which he protects his face from the action of the weather, but he stretches them across the window of his hut and finds in them a substitute for glass. Even the bones are used, those of the shoulder-blade serving instead of a scythe to cut his grass.

The Kamtschatkan bears live chiefly upon fish, which they are very clever in catching. Some years ago fish got scarce, and the bears suffered from hunger. In consequence they wandered about in search of food, and even sometimes came into the villages. One day one of these famished bears succeeded in getting into a house from which the mistress had just gone out, leaving her teakettle boiling over the fire The door swung shut behind him, and he soon began sniffing at the kettle, which burnt his nose. Enraged at the smarting, he attacked it with great fury, pressing it against his breast with all his strength in his endeavor to destroy it. Of course this greatly increased his burns and pain; and his horrible growls being heard, the villagers gathered, when by shooting him they soon put an end to his trouble. But the tale has since been told from father to child; and to this day the Kamtschatkans call any one who injures himself by his own folly or violence "the bear with the teakettle."

The Laplanders reverence the bear as a creature possessed of supernatural powers. One of their names for it is "the dog of God;" and they have a proverb among them to the effect that a bear has the strength of ten men and the sense of twelve. They never venture to speak of it by its plain name, fearing its vengeance, but allude to it darkly as "*moedda aigja*," "the old man in the fur cloak." Nevertheless they hunt and kill it.

The North American Indians stand in great awe of the grizzly bear, and with much reason. He is enormous in size, being from four to six feet in length, and sometimes weighing as much as eight hundred pounds. In spite of his bulk and clumsy carriage he can run very swiftly, and his strength is greater than that of any other animal of the country. To attack him without fire-arms, as the Indians used to do, was highly dangerous; and they entered upon the hunt only after passing through many superstitious ceremonies. They well understood that it was a pitting of life against life, with the advantage on the side of the bear; for it is very difficult really to hurt one of them, unless it be by shooting. They will sit erect and box with their fore paws, guarding themselves so dexterously that it is almost impossible to touch the head, which is the only part vulnerable to a blow, the rest of the body being so encased in layers of fat that no amount of beating can make an impression upon it.

A necklace made from the claws of the grizzly bear is one of the proudest ornaments of an Indian; and as it can be worn only by the man who killed the bear, proves its owner's claim to the title of a first-class brave.

The polar bear, which, while larger, is as strong and fierce as his kinsman, the grizzly, lives among the icebergs within the Arctic circle. He subsists principally upon walrus, seals, fish, and the bodies of dead whales, but birds and their eggs are also acceptable. He has even convinced our Arctic explorers that he does not object to a more considerable change of diet, by discovering and robbing their most skilfully built *caches* and eating everything they contained, even going so far as to chew the rubber blankets into knots and wreck all the tins of liquors.

These bears hunt seals with great cleverness, as they are skilled in both swimming and diving. The male wanders about during the whole of the long and sunless winter; but the habit of the female differs widely. When the terrible cold approaches, she seeks for a partially sheltered spot and scrapes a little hollow where she lies down and permits the snows to drift over her until she is completely buried. Her warm breath melts a hole just sufficiently large to prevent suffocation, and there she lies quite still, wrapped in slumber, during the severest weather. In March, when the keenest cold is past, she awakes and digs her way out, leading in her train a pair of tiny babies no bigger than rabbits, but still large and strong enough to follow in the steps of their mother as she roams about in quest of food. If, however, they become tired, they mount upon the mother's back, where they cling securely, whether she be journeying upon the land or swimming in the water.

THE following pleasing incident happened at St. John's Kindergarten in Detroit, Mich.

One morning not long ago, after several days of cloudy skies, the sun suddenly came out, filling the room with its cheerful light, when the children were so delighted that they reached out their little hands to catch it and at the same time expressed their joy and thankfulness by singing of their own accord, —

"Good morning, merry sunshine!"

(*Continued from page* 123.)

"The baby put herself out of the way after me, an' I minded her. My mother said I minded her." And he told her of the lovely quilt, and how his little sister had smacked her lips over the grapes.

"And so you really helped."

"She got the washing done an hour sooner for me," said Peter, proudly.

"Splendid!" cried the lady, enthusiastically. "And now I 've brought a box of blocks which my nephew has outgrown. You can build anything with them, from a church to a wood-shed."

"The baby 'll pull 'em all down."

"Let her. It will amuse her when the grapes have become an old story. Let her build her own houses, and knock them down as she will. When she tires of them, or goes to sleep, you can see what *you* can do."

And so, day after day Peter sat in the little bedroom, watching the baby as she piled up the blocks, or making many-storied houses for her to destroy. She was an exacting little creature, and persistently frowned upon every edifice not erected under her own supervision. But she was also "the *cutest* baby in the whole world," and her bright ways entertained Peter not a little.

The teacher came often to see him, and added a few picture-books to his small stock. These his little sister enjoyed hugely, though under strict surveillance for Peter was a born caretaker.

The winter passed slowly. Peter grew pale and thin, as he always did in the cold weather; but his face had lost that pathetically wistful expression which had been so noticeable at first.

One day, about the middle of April, the teacher made her way to the little bedroom. There was Peter sitting before a long table — the gift of a kind lady friend — on which were blocks of different sizes and shapes, which his hands were deftly arranging into a wonderful building to suit the somewhat peculiar tastes of two little spectators, who were intensely interested in its erection.

Yes, there were two babies looking on, while a third child, a year or so older, was turning the leaves of one of the picture-books.

"Look, Peter, look!" he cried, delighted; "a lefflant! a lefflant!"

Peter laughed. "There 's another, a few pages back. Hunt him up, Jimmy."

Jimmy hunted eagerly. Very quiet were the four small figures, which the lady watched silently for a moment.

But Peter was soon conscious of the kindly presence, and looked up with a glowing face.

"Them blocks are splendid," said he. "Mame English likes 'em so much, she trots in every day to knock 'em down. Jimmy 's all for the pictures," he added, with a glance at the curly head. "Run, Jimmy, and bring the lady a chair."

"But who are these children?" she asked.

"They 're Mrs. Ryan's," answered Peter. "She 's worse off than we. She has a husband and — and — he drinks."

These last words were spoken very low, that the little ones might not hear.

"She goes out to work every day when she can get it to do, an' Jimmy an' Mame comes in here to me."

"Oh, little Peter! little Peter!" cried the lady, "how you give my lesson back to me!" and she stooped and kissed him.

Peter is not strong enough to go to the "Industrial," but through the intervention of his kind

friend a bit of the "Industrial" has come to him. He is learning wood-carving now, and has even sold one of his brackets for what seems to him a large sum of money.

The little ones kindly approve of his work, when it does not interfere with their own. They are developing extraordinary talent in the building of magnificent edifices, and he often wonders if there ever were "three such cutes one" before.

Peter is now a recognized help in the little family, and his mother never tells him to "keep out of the way."

THAD'S APRIL FOOL.

BY MOLLY C. CLARKE.

"WELL, Nora O'Brian, yer just the meanest girl! You can keep yer ole rose-water. Yer don't use it anyway 'cept to put on yer hand-'chuf when Mike Rian —" but further disparaging remarks were cut short by the summary measures of the young lady to whom they were addressed, who unceremoniously ejected Master Theodore from her domain.

The trouble, was just this, — Theodore, or Thad, as he was more often called, was pursuing some most original medical and chemical researches, and wanted a particular glass bottle with an extra nice stopper, that stood upon the third right-hand shelf in the pantry. It was, he thought, specially adapted to hold his latest production, "Brown's Crystal Cure-all Compound," sure cure for tooth ache, colic, head ache, ear-ache, fevers, mumps, and measles. All the bottles that he could beg or borrow for his magical compound, Thad had made use of; but when he had intimated to Nora his desire to possess this particular bottle, she had said "No" in a very forcible manner. She had added, moreover, "An' what wud I be after puttin' the rose-wather in, an' the bottle gone intirely?"

"But, Nora," Thad had said, coaxing, "you could put the rose-water into this empty essence bottle, or you could throw it away.

"Impty issence bottle, is it? Throw it away! Sure, thin, an' I'll do nather. Git away wid yez now." And Thad had been put out of the kitchen in no pleasant frame of mind, as his last words at the beginning of this paper testify. Later in the afternoon, as he was meditating upon the ingratitude of cooks (he had offered Nora doses of his Crystal Cure-all Compound on six different occasions, for six different ailments,) the thought suddenly flashed across his mind that to-morrow was April 1st. Now he thought was the chance to pay Nora the debt he owed her for her late heartless behavior. A little later still on the same eventful day, a small boy could be seen creeping cautiously into the kitchen, which at that hour was a shining testimonial to Nora's industry in its afternoon spotlessness and order. The coast was quite clear, that damsel having betaken herself to her own apartments higher up.

Whatever Thad may have done all appeared right when Nora came down to get supper.

Next morning all thoughts of April jokes were driven quite out of Thad's mind by the unexpected arrival of Grandma Brown, with bags and bundles innumerable. Grandmothers are always great favorites with the young folks, and Grandma Brown was no exception to the rule. She received a very warm welcome from Thad, that it was really a wonder that her capacious bonnet survived the ordeal.

"I've got to go over to the North End on an errand for papa, but I'll be back by dinner-time sure," Thad had explained to her as soon as the greetings were over.

Grandma Brown was one of those active beings to whom work is sent as a blessing, and when she learned of cook Nora's inability to make good pies, she insisted upon going at once to the kitchen, "to surprise Robert with one of his mother's old-fashioned punkin pies."

All went well. Nora was good-natured, the pies fresh from the oven sent forth an appetizing odor that penetrated beyond the kitchen limits, and Grandma, after finishing a "half-grown" pie for Thad, returned to the nursery to discuss baby Robert's perfections with mamma Brown.

True to his word, Thad appeared at dinner-time, "hungry as a bear." When Nora brought in at dessert the golden pumpkin pie, he was highly pleased, and when his own little pie was placed before him his joy was complete.

"Well, mother, this is indeed a treat," remarked Mr. Brown, looking pleased. "This tastes exactly as your pies did twenty years ago, when I was a boy like Thad here;" but Thad was *not* here. He had left the table hastily after his first mouthful of pie, without even the shadow of an "excuse me." He returned, however, in a few minutes, just in time to hear Grandma saying, "but I was dreffful disappointed, Robert, 'bout the flavor. I never did think a punkin pie was real complete without a seasonin' of rose-water, and I declare if I did n't go and forget it to-day till the pies were a-cookin' in the oven. Howsoever," she added, "I made up for it in Theodore's pie, for I did remember it in time to put an extry spoonful of the rose-water in."

"Theodore, my boy," said papa, turning to poor, unhappy Thad, "do you suppose you could spare me a piece of that small pie of yours?" The words struck terror to Thad's soul. There was now no choice but an honest, straightforward confession, and this Thad made like a little man, — how for a joke upon Nora he had emptied her rose-water bottle, and substituted his own "Crystal Cure-all Compound."

"But truly, papa, I never thought she'd use it, 'cept to put on her hand'chuf or rub on her face; and I never guessed my 'Compound' was so nasty," he finished very meekly.

Grandma was at first inclined to be indignant, but soon, seeing where the joke really came in, joined in the laugh against Thad. Later he and papa had a quiet talk together in the library, their subject being practical jokes. "I rather dislike the whole class," said papa, "and I never want you, my boy, to play a joke that may cause pain in any way to another. Practical jokes, as a rule, are harmful things, and are apt, like yours of to-day, to return upon the head of the joker."

"'Zactly like Uncle Ned's boomerang!" finished the penitent Theodore.

ALL souls belong to God. He will take care of what is His: He will leave no child orphaned.

Thus, if we are Christians we shall love all souls, calling no man common or unclean, believing in the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race, finding something good in every one, — a vital seed of nobleness in the most deadened bosom; and in thus loving other souls, our own souls will be blessed.

SPEAK gently, and with tenderness. In so doing, blessings will follow thee; thy heart will be light, and joy ever thine attendant. And, what is still better, thereby thou shalt lighten the burden of thy fellow-man, and cheer the saddened heart by the warm gush of thy sympathy.

LITTLE FAITHFUL.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

HER name was Katy Donovan, and we made her acquaintance through the kind offices of one of our city missionaries. This lady was calling on us one day, and overhearing a remark addressed to another friend, she said quickly, —

"You want a little girl to go into the country with you, to run of errands and do light work? I know of the very child for you. She needs country air, and has been such a patient little drudge that life with you would seem a holiday. Her parents died two years ago, and an aunt offered a home to Katy and her two younger brothers. The child is so grateful for this that she has nearly worn herself out in the service of the family. She has taken care of the children (her brothers and cousins), cooked and washed and sewed for them, and waited day and night on her aunt through a long illness. And she is but twelve years old! The aunt is now dead, and the family must be broken up. Katy's brothers are to be taken into some Catholic school; and the child is ambitious to earn something toward their support. Would you like to go with me to see her?"

We went the next day, and found Katy in a tenement house swarming with children. Her brothers, for whom she wished to work, clung about her as she stood in the doorway talking with us. She was not a pretty child. The little face under the close cropped hair was thin and freckled, the gray eyes and colorless lashes had a pale,faded look; yet these eyes were so full of love as she looked down on the red-cheeked, sturdy boys beside her, and so wistful as we spoke of country air and quiet, that our hearts were won, and we decided to take her with us. This was largely for her own sake; for we felt doubtful if her slender strength would be equal to even the little we required, noticing that she coughed and shivered in the cool April air, drawing closer the thin shawl that covered her head and shoulders.

"Oh, I am strong; I can do a great deal of work," she said gently, "and I want to work for the children."

"Poor little child!" we thought, "you yourself ought to be taken care of;" and we hoped much from country air and food.

Two weeks later, on a sunny May morning, we started for our seaside home, ninety miles distant, and Katy accompanied us. It was pleasant to see her gray eyes brighten as the train rushed past green fields starred with early dandelions, or peach orchards just flushing with pink, while we caught frequent glimpses of the sea. It was her first sight of the real country; and it must have seemed like Paradise to a child whose life had been mostly spent in a tenement house at the North End of Boston.

Looking back on that summer so full of gay life and stir, the central figure, after all, seems to be that of our gentle little serving-maid. She went about the house so quietly and modestly, was so faithful in the discharge of her duties, and received each kind word and gift with such a touchingly grateful smile, that she made friends of us all. She was a true little mother at heart, and never lost sight of her one object in life. Her wages and every gift of money that came to her were carefully laid aside; and any articles of clothing given her that could possibly be made of use for a boy, were kept for her little brothers. Her thoughts were full of them.

There was but little work for her to do; and we sent her out in the air and sunshine as much as possible. She liked to be the one to go into the garden to pick strawberries, currants, or raspberries; and she loved flowers, bending above their brilliant bloom with a pale, absorbed face. It is comforting to remember that her last summer on earth (for such it proved) was restful and happy, spent amid scenes that to her might well seem a foretaste of the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

At first she seemed better for the change of air; but soon the cough grew more frequent, exhausting night-sweats followed, and she was tired and short of breath after the least exertion. We consulted a physician, but he could only advise change of air; and there was no one to take the little Irish child to a warmer climate.

She never complained, or even spoke of any feeling of pain or weakness, and it was a real distress to her to be sent away from work, and told she must rest. A kind neighbor, seeing this, and full of sympathy for the brave child, offered to give Katy a home for the rest of the summer, that she might not be tempted to try to work, — an offer that we gladly accepted for her. She was still near us, and every morning came over to ask, "Is there nothing I can do for you to-day?" standing quietly with folded hands, waiting for the answer, a most pathetic little figure, with that rare, patient smile, and head drooped to one side like a delicate snowdrop.

Toward the end of the summer, it seemed best to take her back to the city, where she could have good care and nursing in a hospital. She was very happy the day she left us over the affectionate words and gifts from the many friends she had made. One gift that gave her especial pleasure was a pretty purse. It held all her small savings, and she said with a happy smile that made the plain face almost beautiful, "This is for the children; I did not think it would be so much." A mist gathered before the eyes that watched her out of sight, and there were many and earnest wishes that the short remainder of her life might be painless and happy.

Arriving in Boston, she begged to be taken first to see "her children." After that meeting her strength rapidly failed, and before many days the little anxious, loving heart had ceased to beat. Lying on her hospital bed, her last thought was one of tender care for the two brothers for whom she had lived and worked.

Dear little Faithful! She has passed out of life, but she will always live on in our hearts; and many who were far older and wiser than she, will find help and strength in remembering the patient and unselfish love manifest in her short life of toil and suffering.

This is a true story. Perhaps it would seem not wholly sad if we knew how many lives have been influenced for good by the simple life of this unconscious little heroine, who thought of nothing but of being faithful to her trust.

Abide with us, that we may feel that our sins are forgiven. Abide with us, for we see in the past our Abide with us as we lie down to gentle sleep, that it may be pleasant and refreshing to us, that pure thoughts may keep the portals of our dreams, and God's blessing hold watch over us.

Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.

It is the meanings of life, and not so much living itself, that God has for us here.

Teachers' Department.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Channing Hall lecture-talks for the season of 1887-88 closed March 29. Seven courses have been given, — twenty-two lectures in all. Three of these courses, — those by Mr. Dole on "Early Hebrew Stories," by Mr. Slicer on "Early Christian History," and by Mr. Tiffany on "Ethics," — have treated of the subject-matter of Sunday-school teaching. The courses by Mrs. Wells, Miss Wheelock, and Dr. Dunton have dealt with the *methods* of teaching; while Dr. Peabody's lectures discussed both the subject-matter and the method of teaching the Bible. The plans for next season's courses are not yet matured, but will be duly announced. The lectures have been regularly reported in the "Christian Register," and the columns of our own paper have contained from time to time either abstracts or full reports of some of the more practical of the "talks." The influence of such courses in raising the standard and improving the quality of the Sunday-school teacher's work cannot fail to be widely felt. In connection with this subject we wish once more to call the attention of all our teachers to the admirable manual by Mrs. Wells, entitled "Outlines and Charts for Conversation and Study in Sunday-schools." No teacher can carefully read this little book without gaining a deeper insight into the method whereby the work in the class may be done, with a clearer analysis in thought, a more vivid and impressive manner, and a richer fund of apt and helpful illustration. On receipt of twenty-five cents, the Sunday-School Society will mail a copy of the manual post-paid to any address.

The celebration of the Easter Festival by our Sunday-schools, — in many instances by a united service of congregation and school, — was marked this season with unusual interest. In several schools the Easter envelopes of the "Children's Mission" received generous contributions from the scholars.

At the April meeting of the Sunday-School Union the topic for discussion will be "The Social Life of the Sunday-school, — its importance, and how to promote it."

A country pastor, who has tried the plan, suggests that the older classes in our Sunday Schools use at times some of the tracts published by the American Unitarian Association. By a thoughtful study of some of these statements of doctrine older pupils would learn the truths which are generally believed among Unitarian Christians.

THE CHANNING HALL LECTURES.

Mr. Tiffany closed his valuable course on "Ethics" on Thursday afternoon, March 15. At the beginning of the lecture, he read extracts from the tenth chapter of Volume III. of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," where the great poet describes the "three reverences." These are, — first, reverence for what is above us; second, reverence for what is beneath us; and, third, reverence for what is around us. Thus, Goethe places at the basis of all worthy outcome of education the sentiment of reverence. This sentiment, he insists, no child brings with him into the world. Childhood is irreverent, self-asserting, domineering. "That boy," said Themistocles, pointing to his young son, "is the greatest power in all Greece," — for, as Themistocles ruled Greece, his boy ruled him. After touching upon the less admirable elements in Goethe's character, Mr. Tiffany spoke of the great achievements of the German poet in the realms of science, philanthropy, and literature, as being the results of one or another of the three reverences of which he so eloquently spoke. To-day, the world needs nothing so much as a revival of reverence. Destructive criticism had to come, and much of its work has been wholesome. It was necessary to show that the old objects of men's reverence were no longer worthy of being revered. Indeed, the impulse to dethrone kingship, aristocracy, Bibliolatry, priestcraft, was the push of a truer reverence seeking worthier objects. But this destructive process has brought evil in its train, until a vulgar, pushing, self-asserting, fault-finding spirit has become prevalent. The American child of to-day is, above all things else, unreverential. We must teach him the attitude of those three reverences which Goethe has set forth. This we can do by holding before his mind all that is legitimately worthy of reverence. First of all, we must teach him to look up to the living God, the supreme source of all goodness, beauty, and truth. We must also awaken a reverence for that which is beneath. The body is to be glorified, not despised. The material universe offers man the incitements which develop his inventive genius, and enable him to gaze with a telescopic eye into the wonders of the heavens.

In human society, applied Christianity, through its beautiful spiritual charities, reveals the worth of what have been contemptuously called the lower classes. Jesus glorified the poor widow for whom haughty Pharisees had nothing but scorn. Fully to know Jesus, we need to know him in his relations with the lowly and the outcast. The supreme folly of the "mind-cure" or "Christian-science" theory is that it divorces what God has united, reduces mind to caprice, and ignores the marvellous adaptation of our environment to our nature. If by merely thinking and willing it to be so, we could make a foul atmosphere as harmless and even as beneficial as pure air, then how meaningless is God's rich provision whereby body and soul are nourished, braced, stimulated, and delighted when the lungs inhale the sweet, pure air that is all about us! Teach the child this interdependence of matter and spirit, and arouse his reverence for what is beneath him. Show him how things he calls "small" co-operate with the great things; and in the human world let him note the worth which Christianity reveals in the lowly, in those who serve, in the humble for whom and with whom is the kingdom of heaven.

Finally teach him to reverence his fellows, — a reverence which he cannot learn apart from the other two reverences. When our fellow-men appear to us "heirs of God" and heirs of the sublime unities of mind and nature, then shall we know how to treat them. We need a better understanding of the "as thyself" in the second commandment. We are first to "taste and see" in our own experience that God is good, that we and all men live and have our being in universal relationships; then will our word to others be a word "with power." When children see our faces all aglow with holy feeling, as we are moved by the great thoughts of other minds, or as we are uplifted by the thought of God when we gaze enraptured on the glories of the universe, then will they be moved to read what we read, hold communion with that which we commune with, and share the reverences that uplift and ennoble us.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.